

A

1078.112.

3

COLLECTION

OF ORIGINAL

Scotch Songs
SCOTS SONGS, POEMS, &c.

By VARIOUS HANDS.

To which are added,

Several favourite English Songs,

Some of which never before printed.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and Sold by G E O. B O Y A C K,
at the *Bell*, Charles-Court, Strand.

MDCCLXXII.

421

46
9 48 4



TO ilka lass and wanton ladie,
Frae this place down to lang Kirkaldy;
And frae that north to Orkney isles,
I crave your kind indulgent smiles.
O, could I hope success, my daties,
I'd humble be as whipped Bat' is,
I'd kiss the dust beneath your feet,
Brimfu' of joy, wi' pleasure greet.

But that is mair than I expect,
The boon I crave, you'll not reject
My first essays, because they're silly,
Not fraught wi' wit like wanton Willy;
Nor does my verse so easy fall in
Sic flowing strains as matchless Allan:
For these were bards deserved praise,
And by their merits won the bays;
Mine is but nature simply wrought,—
I often rhyme for want of thought.

'Tis not the thirst of fame that causes
Me attempt to climb Parnassus;
'Twas to oblige some honest folks,
Wha are my friends, and like my jokes,
That made me publish these essays,
Sac, bastard-bantling, gang your ways.

Swift,

()

Swift, gallop forth, my little book,
And praise the world as you find it,
And gin you dinna' meet good luck,
E'en like your master, never mind it.

No patron you've to take your part,
Nor ony great man to record ye,
You little brat, ne'er break your heart,
For, 'faith, nae mair has father Geordie.

A

A
COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS SONGS, POEMS, &c.

THE CRIES OF EDINBURGH.

By. G. Boyack.

THERE's some like the Cries of London,
And others of Dublin City,
But of all the Cries among 'em,
Gi' me the Cries of Auld Reeky ;
Where Nelly, the milk-maid so wanton,
Comes in by the break of day,
And gangs up the Canongate chanting,
O wha'll ha' my curds and sweet whey !
*Het sweet whey ! Wha'll ha' my curds and sweet
whey !*

Then four-milk Johnny comes after,
Wha struts like a crow in a gutter,
Crying, Wha'll ha' my four milk and water,
And lumps o' good yellow butter ;

B

Here's

Here's delicate eggs and new cheeses,
 And butter as yellow as gou'd,
 And lintwhites, when tam'd, for to please us,
 And heathers that's just newly cow'd.
*Sour milk and water ! lumps of yellow butter ! buy
 my heather besoms, and twa young linties !*

There's fish-wives come o'er frae Kirkaldy,
 Frae Musselburgh and Fisher-raw,
 Wha cry Quick fish, quick caller haddies,
 Fresh herrings, flukes, whittings, and a',
 Caller oysters, cockles, and mussels,
 Lampets and wilks without fau't ;
 The salt-wife through wynds and streets bustles,
 Crying Wha'll ha' my forpet of fau't !
*Wha'll ha' fau't ! wha'll buy fau't ! Buy my lucky
 forpet o' fau't !*

There's kail-wives come in fae merry,
 Wi' cabbages, lettice, and sprouts,
 Wi' apples and pears and cherries,
 And all sorts of herbs and roots,
 Red rizars, black berries, and grosarts,
 And flowers our senses to please,
 And gard'ners, with carts and with horses,
 Cry wha'll ha' my rare garden peas !
*O rare garden peas ! here lasses ! three pence a
 peck ! here lasses !*

Auld shoon, auld rags, broken glassses,
 Ha' you got ony auld pats or pans ;
 Come sell us your coney-skins, lasses,
 And kitchen-fee fresh, if you can ;
 Here's Dutch toys, fine trumpets and rattles,
 Bairn's coaches, fine boxes and trunks ;
 Auld Sandy through Edinburgh brattles,
 And cries out, O, wha'll buy my spunks !
Buy spunks, Daties ! wha'll buy spunks !

O ! wha'll buy my nettles and fanfy,
 And wha'll buy my green kail and herbs ?
 Here's parsel and stowans, cries Nancy,
 Fresh gather'd, just come frae the yards ;
 Young risarts and carrots, cries Gawsy,
 Wha'll buy my sybows and leeks ?
 And Tibby, that sits on the cawsey,
 Cries wha'll buy my delicate neeps ?

Wha'll buy neeps like succar ! wha'll buy neeps !

O wha'll buy my dainty well-carfes,
 Water-purpy and faleds a-fourth ;
 Here's delicate nice London saucers,
 And spaldings to relish your mouth ;
 Here's new sangs, auld ballads and speeches ;
 Wha'll buy my white Holland sand ?
 And wha'll buy my dainty loch-leeches,
 To bleed you in head, foot, or hand ?

*Wha'll buy my loch-leeches ! loch-leeches ! wha'll
 buy my loch-leeches !*

O, wha'll buy my nice dulce and tangle ?
 And wha'll buy my partans and prawns ?
 Now cadies and mappens do wrangle,
 To cut purses fast, if they can :
 Ha' you got ony work for the cooper,
 To gird your cogs, luggies, and tubs ?
 Hats to dress or to turn, cries the hatter ;
 Cries Bessie, here's rare honey-blobs !

Wha'll ha' blobs o' honey ! wha'll ha' honey-blobs !

Wha'll buy my dainty lamb's haggies ?
 And wha'll buy my caller nowt-feet ?
 Here's puddings and panches, frae Maggy's,
 Weel plotted and clean, fat, and sweet.

Here's ginge-bread, confections, and tablets,
 Wha'll by my dainty plack-pies ?
 Some of mutton, and some made of giblets :—
 And this is the end of our cries.

*Smoaking hot, piping hot, buy what I have got,
 hot mutton pies !*

MATRIMONIAL HARMONY.

By the same.

Tune, John Anderson, my Joe.

ANDREW TURPIE and his wife
 Ae time did make a plea,
 For Kath'rine ay makes muckle strife
 When Andrew gangs astray,
 To take a pint of ale to cheer
 His donart crazy noddle,
 Then Kate swears he drinks a' the gear,
 While she has ne'er a boddle.

Andrew, on the other hand,
 Swears by his faul 'tis true,
 That Kath'rine on her feet can stand,
 And fill hersel' blind fu' ;
 For, woman, says he, do you mind,
 Since ae time you was fu',
 That I catch'd you the door behind,
 Wi' a fu' glafs at your mou'.

'Twas fill'd wi' brandy, gin, or wine,
 I hardly mind weel whilk,
 But though 'tis nae lang time since syne,
 I'm sure it was nae milk.

Then

Then Kate, wi' anger, fu' o' spite,
 Ca'd him a cursed liar,
 And on the nose lent him a wipe,
 Gar'd him baith grumph and sneer.

He shook his gruntle like a swine,
 While it pish'd out o' blood,
 Syne Kath'rine, wi' her hand again,
 Came thump out o'er his head :
 He was laith to gi' her a clink,
 But, troth, he thought nae shame
 To rise up and pu' down the bink,
 And break a' Kath'rine's lime.

Then Kath'rine loos'd her tongue, and syne
 Ca'd him a tated loon,
 For breaking a' her bony lime,
 That cost her a white crown ;
 Says she, you silly breathless hog,
 The devil break your thanks,
 For I brought you frae man to dog *,
 And this is a' my thanks,

For helping sic a thankless thief
 As you, ye drunken sot ;
 For first when I became your wife,
 You was nae worth a groat ;
 And a' the gear that ere you had,
 I'm sure it came by me,
 Except your useless pillidod,
 That's no worth ae baubee.

Were I to tell o'er a' your deeds,
 I'm sure you might think shame,
 For wi' your pinchers you did screed
 The place beneath my wame,

* A common expression of Katherine's.

And mony a lound'ring lick ye've gi'en
 To me, your wife, Kate Brown,
 Tell me, ye dog, if I be lying,
 Ye drite-breeks tated loon.

For though I drefs you e'er so clean,
 And busk you e'er sae bra,
 When you return to me at e'en,
 You're just as black's a crow;
 And when I busk and set you out,
 Weel drefs'd in a clean shirt,
 At night when you come in about,
 You're a' dripping o' dirt.

For a' the day you rant and roar,
 And hunts frae place to place,
 And a' the night you sleep and snore,
 And never turns your face,
 No sae muckle's anes about,
 To gi' your wife a kiss;
 Sure never was a doufer dolt
 Than Andrew Turpie is.

If you wad but guide me right,
 And gi' me what's my due,
 I wad na care though ilka night
 You fill'd yoursel' blind fu';
 But fu' or fresh, you never think
 On what poor women need,
 That gars me fair grudge a' your drink,
 Whilst I wear a toom sheath.

COALMAN JOCK. A CANTATA.

By the same.

RECITATIVE.

AS Coalman Jock his horses ca'd,
 Wi' lades of coals thro' Edinburgh street,
 And whistling loud the Sodger Lad,
 Brisk Nell, the milk-maid he did meet;
 Thinks he, my passion now I'll hide,
 So cries, D'ye want ony coals the day?
 But she returned with equal pride,
 O, wha'll ha' curds and het sweet whey!
 Stung with remorse at her reply,
 Poor Jock stood motionless a while,
 At last he cry'd, Sweet Nell draw nigh,
 Revive and bless me with a smile.
 But she, resolv'd to try her pow'r,
 Did look on Jock wi' cold disdain;
 He sigh'd to see her look sae sour,
 Then spoke his love in this sad strain:

Tune, Happy Clown.

Sweet Nell, behold your lover here,
 Lying prostrate at your feet,
 Forgive my negligence, my dear,
 When you I first did meet;
 Your een, as black as ony coal,
 Has darted through my love-sick soul,
 O, ease the pains that I do thole,
 And make my joys compleat.

Tune,

Tune, *'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town.*

Quoth Nelly, I'm afraid
 You mean to ruin me,
 And if I am betray'd,
 By you I'll flighted be,
 Therefore I will take care
 Of your deluding snare,
 Lest, if you vanquish,
 I, with anguish,
 Rue for ever mare.
 So, Jockey, now adieu,
 Elsewhere your love pursue,
 For I cannot, will not,
 No, nor shall not
 E'er be whor'd by you.

Tune, *Woes my heart that we should funder.*

Dear Nell, believe my love sincere,
 No lustful thoughts my heart e'er enter'd,
 O then, consent, this night, my dear,
 In wedlock let our loves be center'd ;
 Not Sour-milk Jock, nor Gard'ner Tam
 Could e'er present a heart mare tender,
 O then consent, we'll go to Strang *,
 He'll join us never mare to funder.

Tune, *Bessie Bell.*

Says Nelly, dear Jockie, you ha' my consent,
 To the half-mark kirk let us haste, then,
 That you are sincere, I'm right weel content,
 No time, pray, let us waste, then,

* A noted half-mark minister at Edinburgh.

When you've sold your coals, and me my curds,
 We'll join our stocks together,
 About it, then, let us make nae mare words,
 For I lang to be baith wife and mither.

Tune, Fy let us a' to the Bridal.

Then Jockie he struck up a bargain,
 To sell aff his coals was nae slack,
 Appointed a place for their meeting,
 And Nelly was there in a crack;
 Syne they twa were marry'd together,
 As blythe as twa birds in the spring,
 He carried her hame to his mither,
 And merrily he did sing,
 Fy let us a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be lilting there,
 For Jockie is married to Nelly,
 The las' wi' the coal-black hair.

AN EPISTLE TO CLAUDERO,

Upon his Arrival in LONDON.

By the same.

WELCOME, Claudero, to this city,
 Though, faith, Auld Reekie's case I pity,
 Where thou did gi' them mony a sweety,
 Baith sharp and keen,
 But candied o'er to make them pretty,
 And please the een.

The

The ballad-fingers and the printers
Must surely now have starving winters,
Their press they may break a' in splinters,
They, sighing, swear,
Claudero's muse, alas ! we've tint her
For ever mare.

Now bawds and whores do what they will,
And Hangy he may scourge or kill,
And Drummond he may get a bill
To move the cross,
Or King Charles, if he will,
Frae Parl'ament close.

Now Vice may rear her hydra head,
And strike defenceless Virtue dead,
Religion's heart may melt and bleed,
Wi' grief and sorrow,
Since Satire from the streets is fled,
Poor Edinburgh !

But yet, I hope, you'll pardon me,
A stranger too, to make so free,
As write these dogg'rels unto thee,
Who art a poet,
And how you came to that degree,
I'll plainly shew it.

When Allan died, the muses then
Did mourn aloud, baith butt and benn,
Apollo spoke in mournful strain,
I've still a hero
In Caledon, syne took his pen,
And wrote Claudero.

Then

Then Thalia, fill'd with strong desire,
 Thy comic genius to inspire,
 And warm thee with poetic fire,
 Flew off with speed,
 Apollo, with harmonious lyre,
 Approv'd the deed.

Thus the deity of Parnassus
 Dispatches forth these modest lasses,
 To lure us wi' their kind caresses,
 And smiles indulgent,
 Whilst he still aids their noble causes
 With rays refulgent.

By this you see your call is sure,
 Not smuggled in at private door,
 As was Rab Ker and many more,
 As well as me,
 Wha's got the froth, but not the store
 Of poetry.

But yet I hope you won't despise
 My wish, because it dares to rise,
 To court your friendship eager lies,
 Wing'd wi' ambition,
 Which, if you grant, contented dies
 In full fruition.

Nae mare I'll say, until we meet,
 And then my wish will be compleat,
 When anes we get a hearty weat
 Wi' drink at Brodie's,
 Our spirits then will mount as fleet
 As God or Goddess.

Leave

Leave factious curs to bite and snarl,
And choak 'em wi' seditious quarrel,
Whilst you and I, my honest carl,
Bald and heroic,
Will fight wi' weapons frae the barrel,
Your's,

G. Boyack.

AN EPIGRAM,

On the above.

By Patrick Moon,

A Bard of Caledonian breed,
Transported from beyond the Tweed,
Arriv'd in London poor and lame,
In's understanding much the same;
Yet scarce in town he'd wet his whistle,
When he receiv'd a long epistle,
To bid him welcome to this city—
Though, from my heart, the man I pity,
That thus address'd so foul a fiend,
And stoop'd so low as call him friend,
When, after all his praise bestow'd,
Instead of *Juno* found a *cloud*.

BLAIR'S

A
But b
He w
And
He fa
Whic
Beca
He bo
Some
For n
Thre
Has f
Some
But n
You'
'Tis f
Call a
Enqu
(H' h
But h
To w
H ha
By cl
Great
That

B L A I R ' s W I G .

A T A L E .

By Robert Bogie.

A Gentleman nam'd Normand Blair
 Did travel east I scarce ken where,
 But being a conceited spark,
 He went to visit Noah's ark.
 And when he came the ark within,
 He saw a wig hang on a pin,
 Which father Ham did use to wear,
 Because he had but little hair ;
 He bought it for a single groat,
 Some say 'tis dear, but I think not ;
 For now 't has serv'd the name of Blair
 Three thousand years and something mair,
 Has serv'd them a', ane after other,
 Sometimes the son, sometimes the brother ;
 But now 'tis grown so very bare,
 You'll see the net thro' a' the hair ;
 'Tis still in being to be seen,
 Call at his chambers, No. thirteen,
 Enquire for ane nam'd Robert Blair,
 (H' has sold it now, and wears his hair),
 But he'll shew you ane Thomas Skinner,
 To whom he sold it—wicked finner !
 H' has made it now look unco' frail,
 By clipping't round about the tail.
 Great pity sic a wig was lost,
 That might be mended for sma' cost ;

C

Gi'

Gi' me an Ounce *, 'I'll ask nae mair,
I'd gar'd wear out the name of Blair.

AN EPISTLE TO GEORGE BOYACK.

By *Robert Bogie.*

DEAR Geordie, but I'm glad to hear
That you are weel, I do declare,
Lang may you live, weel may you fare,
And ay be merry,
And they that wish you ony mair,
De'il nor they worrie.

For me I'm much about the sam,
As when you left me, that I am,
We drank your health in a fu' dram
Of good French brandy,
And ilk ane here lick'd aff the sam,
Like sugar-candy.

If e'er you chance to write to me,
Be sure you do look out and see,
To send a letter frank and free
Of ony Cost,
For, 'faith, it winna' do wi' me
To pay the post.

* Five Shillings.

Sac

Sae fare you weel, you wanton rogie,
If ere we meet we shall be vogie,
Carousing o'er a heartsome cogie
Of stout brown ale ;
I'm still the auld daft fool, Rob. Bogie,
Sae fare you weel.

EPI TAPH ON ROBERT BOGIE.

By *G. Boyack.*

FREE from envy, free from strife,
Free from sickness, free from life,
Lie the banes of Robert Bogie,
Wha in his lifetime loo'd a cogie ;
Where he is now God best can tell,
I think his soul is not in hell.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

By *G. Boyack.*

ALL health and happiness, my friend,
Upon your nuptial state attend,
And may your spouse answer the end
Of her creation,
And may her virtuous deeds extend
O'er a' the nation.

The greatest blessing of man's life
 Is sure a good and virtuous wife,
 When, free frae anxious cares and strife,
 The yoke hangs easy,
 And if your bairns should chance grow rife,
 I hope they'll please you.

O, may your loves always increase,
 May pleasure flow, with health and ease,
 And may God's blessing never cease,
 On you to flow,
 But make your house a paradise,
 While here below.

What's riches, friend, without content,
 No blessing, but a punishment,
 Let's then enjoy what Heav'n has sent
 With mirth and pleasure,
 And let the gods take what they've lent,
 Just at their leisure.

That mortal life is but a span
 No fable is, then why should man,
 Starving thro' av'rice, pale and wan,
 Thus grasp at treasure,
 Which never did, nor ever can
 Give solid pleasure.

Let you and I, then, while we may,
 Up for ourselves that treasure lay,
 Which ne'er will perish or decay,
 Nor thieves can steal;
 So wishing mony a happy day,
 I bid fareweel.

T H E F A I R.

By ———.

THERE's mony bra' Jockies and Jennies
 Come weel busked into our fair,
 Wi' ribbons in their cockernoniës,
 And fouth of fine flour in their hair :
 But Maggie sae bra'ly was busked,
 That Willy was ty'd to his bride,
 Nae poney was e'er better whisked,
 Wi' a cudgel that hang'd by his side.

Now Willy was wond'rous jealous
 To see Maggy busked sae bra',
 And Sandy he sat at the ale-house,
 And hard at the liquor did ca' ;
 But Geordie, wha weel loo'd the lassie,
 He took the pint-stoup in his arms,
 He hugg'd it, and said they were saucy,
 Wha loo'd nae a good father's bairn.

There's Watty, the muirland ladie,
 That rode on the bonny grey cowl,
 Wi' a sword by his side like a cadie,
 To ca' in the sheep and the nowt ;
 Sae weel as his doublet did fit him !
 It scarcely came down to mid-thigh,
 Wi' weel powder'd hair, hat and feather,
 And housing and crupper and tee.

The greatest blessing of man's life
 Is sure a good and virtuous wife,
 When, free frae anxious cares and strife,
 The yoke hangs easy,
 And if your bairns should chance grow rife,
 I hope they'll please you.

O, may your loves always increase,
 May pleasure flow, with health and ease,
 And may God's blessing never cease,
 On you to flow,
 But make your house a paradise,
 While here below.

What's riches, friend, without content,
 No blessing, but a punishment,
 Let's then enjoy what Heav'n has sent
 With mirth and pleasure,
 And let the gods take what they've lent,
 Just at their leisure.

That mortal life is but a span
 No fable is, then why should man,
 Starving thro' av'rice, pale and wan,
 Thus grasp at treasure,
 Which never did, nor ever can
 Give solid pleasure.

Let you and I, then, while we may,
 Up for ourselves that treasure lay,
 Which ne'er will perish or decay,
 Nor thieves can steal;
 So wishing mony a happy day,
 I bid fareweel.

T H E F A I R.

By ———.

THERE's mony bra' Jockies and Jennies
 Come weel busked into our fair,
 Wi' ribbons in their cockernoniës,
 And fouth of fine flour in their hair :
 But Maggie sae bra'ly was busked,
 That Willy was ty'd to his bride,
 Nae poney was e'er better whisked,
 Wi' a cudgel that hang'd by his side.

Now Willy was wond'rous jealous
 To see Maggy busked sae bra',
 And Sandy he sat at the ale-house,
 And hard at the liquor did ca' ;
 But Geordie, wha weel loo'd the lassie,
 He took the pint-stoup in his arms,
 He hugg'd it, and said they were saucy,
 Wha loo'd nae a good father's bairn.

There's Watty, the muirland ladie,
 That rode on the bonny grey cowl,
 Wi' a sword by his side like a cadie,
 To ca' in the sheep and the nowt ;
 Sae weel as his doublet did fit him !
 It scarcely came down to mid-thigh,
 Wi' weel powder'd hair, hat and feather,
 And housling and crupper and tee.

But Brookie cried *boo* to Basie,
 And aff gaed the cowl like the wind,
 Poor Wattie, he fell o' the caufey,
 And bris'd a' the banes in his skin;
 The pistols fell out o' the holsters,
 They were a' bedaubed wi' dirt,
 The folk ran about him in clusters,
 Some leugh, and cried, Lad, are ye hurt?

The cowl wad let naebody steer him,
 For he was sae wanton and skiegh,
 The chapmen came round, he lap o'er them,
 And gar'd a' the folk stand a-dreigh.
 Wi' sneering behind and before him,
 For such is the mettle o' brutes,
 Poor Wattie, and waes me for him!
 Was forc'd to gang hame on his cutes.

But now 'tis grown late o' th' e'ening,
 And bughting time draws very near,
 The lasses have stanch'd their greening,
 Wi' fouth of fine apples and beer.
 'There's Lilly and Tibby and Sibby,
 And Cis, wh' on the spindle could spin,
 Stood glowring at signs and glass windocks,
 But de'il a lad bade them come in.

Lord guide us, saw ye ere the like o't!
 See yonder's a bonny black swan,
 It looks as it fain wad be at us,
 What's yonder it hads in its hand?
 Awa' wi' ye, daft gowk, quo' Wattie,
 'Tis a' but a rickle o' sticks;
 See, yonder's Bull Jock and auld Lucky,
 And here is Mafs John and auld Nick,

Quoth

Quoth Tibby, Come, gi' me my fairing;
 But Wattie right flyly could tell,
 I think ye're the flower o' the clecking,
 In troth I'll e'en gi' you mysel;
 But wha wad ha' thought it o' him,
 That ere he had rippled the lint?
 For he was as spruce as Jock Owen,
 Altho' he was kedgy and squint.

There's some comes for fighting and fliting,
 And some comes for breaking o' heads,
 There's some comes for cursing and swearing,
 And sic like ill-far'd ugly deeds;
 There's some comes for dancing and singing,
 And some comes for selling their ware;
 But I'm for a good drink o' whiskey,
 And fae there's an end o' the Fair.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

A NEW SONG.

THE grafs had nae freedom o' growing,
 Before that she was awa',
 Nor in the town could there be strowing,
 For woers that wanted to ca';
 For dancing and singing and brulzies,
 And boxing and shaking a fa',
 The town was forever in tulzies,
 But now the lassie's awa'.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a',
 The dainty-limb'd toast of the parish
 Is now by hand and awa'.*

Had they kent her but as weel as I did,
 Their errand it wad ha' been sma',
 She neither kens carding nor spinning,
 Nor baking nor brewing at a';
 But a' is to gang fine laced,
 And gang white-finger'd and bra';
 I'm afraid she's quite out o' the fashion,
 So line up her muggins wi' straw.

Woo'd, &c.

Last night I gaed for to see her,
 And O, she was bonny and bra',
 She cried to her goodman to gi' her
 An ell o' red ribbons, or twa;
 But he got up, and set down beside her
 A rock and a wheelie to ca',
 Quo' she, Are you this way to guide me?
 And out o' the door, and awa'.

Woo'd, &c.

Niest road it was to her mither,
 Wha spier'd at her how gaes a'?
 Quo' she, Is it for nae ither
 I'm woo'd and married and a',
 But for to sit down at a wheelie,
 And at it baith night and day ca'
 And then to be reel'd by a cheelie
 That's always crying to draw.

Woo'd, &c.

Young

Young Luckie, gang hame to your hudding,
 You'll rue that you came awa',
 You manno' gang every day gadding,
 And gang white-finger'd and a';
 For mind with a neighbour you're yoked,
 And you are the ane that man draw,
 Or else you deserve to be docked,
 So that is an answer for a'.

Woo'd, &c.

Young Lucky she fand hersel nidded,
 And did na ken whilk way to ca',
 But wi' hersel she consider'd,
 That hameward was best for to draw;
 Sae taking the chance of her goodman,
 However the matter might fa'—
 They may not be every day jangling,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a',
 They may not be every day jangling,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.*

THE BATCHELOR'S COMPLAINT

By ———.

I Am a batchelor winsome,
 A farmer by rank and degree,
 And few do I see that's mair handsome
 At kirk or at market than me.

I have outfight and insight and credit,
 And from any blemish I'm free,
 I'm very well boarded and bedded,
 What ails a' the lasses at me ?

My bughts of good store are not scanty,
 My byres are well stow'd wi' kye,
 Of meal in my girnels there's plenty,
 And twa or three easements forby :
 There's a horse to ride out when she's wearie,
 And cock wi' the best she can see,
 And then be ca'd Datie and Dearie—
 What, think you, can ail them at me ?

I've fought them baith highland and lawland,
 Where I a good bargain could see,
 But nane could I see that would fall in,
 Or say that she'd buckle wi' me ;
 With jukes and wi' scrapes I address'd them,
 Been wi' them baith shame-fac'd and free,
 Whatever way I did carefs them,
 They had still an exception at me.

Behind backs, before face, I woo'd them,
 And a' the gates o't that I ken,
 And when they laught on me, I trow'd them,
 And thought I had won,—but what then ;
 When I speak o' matters they grumble,
 Nor are condescending and free,
 But at my proposals they stumble,
 I wonder what ails them at me.

There's cripples, there's crook-backs, and crenches,
 And a' the wandrochs that I ken,
 Nae sooner they speak to our wenches,
 But they are call'd far enough ben ;

But

But when I do speak that is flatly,
 They're always ta'en wi' the gee,
 I get the denial so flatly,
 I ferly what ails them at me.

Yet I have an offer to make them,
 If they will but listen to me,
 And that is, I'm willing to take them,
 Of whatever kind they may be ;
 Let her that's content write a billet,
 And get it transmitted to me,
 I hereby engage to fulfil it,
 Though cripple and blind she should be.

A N S W E R T O T H E A B O V E .

By ———.

DEAR Batchelor, I read your billet,
 Your straits and your hardships I see,
 And I do engage to fulfil it,
 Whate'er the conditions may be ;
 These forty years I've been neglected,
 No body took pity on me ;
 Such offers should not be rejected,
 Whoever the offerer be.

For fortune, I have no claim to it,
 Or likely I had been away,
 If tocher or kindred could do it,
 I have nae pretensions to thae.

The

The most I can say's I'm a woman,
 And that a wife I want to be,
 And I'll take exception at no man,
 Wha's willing to take nane at me.

On Tuesday, spier for Jenny Bladden,
 Where she in her penns wont to be,
 Just at the sign of the auld maiden,
 Where you will be sure to meet me :
 Bring wi' you the priest o' the wedding,
 That a' things just ended may be,
 And then we'll close up wi' the bedding,
 And wha'll be sae merry as we.

A cripple I'm not, you may true me,
 Although that bow-legged I be,
 Nor blind is there reason to ca' me,
 Because I see weel wi' ae eye.
 I am just the las that you wanted,
 Sae tightly's our cases agree,
 For nane wad ha' you, you've granted,
 As few, I confess, wad ha' me.

A NEW LOVE-SONG.

By ———.

WEARY am I, my love,
Dreary am I,
Ay when I look at the drab,
Weary am I !

Ilka hair that's in her head
Is like a heather cow,
And ilka beast that's under that
Is like a brooked ewe.

Weary, &c.

She has twa een intil her head,
Just like twa rotten plumbs ;
Black brow'd is the jade,
And wow as she glooms !

Weary, &c.

She has a nose o' her ain,
Just like a sow's snout,
And the skin upon her neck
Is freckled like a trout.

Weary, &c.

D

Ilka

Ilka bubble at her nose
 Is like a hand-bell,
 And ilka t—d that's at her a—e
 Is like a knocking mell.

Weary, &c.

Ilka tooth that's in her head
 Is like a harrow-tyne,
 And ay when she attempts to speak,
 She grumphs just like a swine.

Weary, &c.

She has twa paps upon her breast,
 Just like twa saffron bags,
 And ay her hand at her arse,
 A riving aff the scabs.

Weary, &c.

She has a wame o' her ain,
 Just bended like a drum,
 And ay when she gangs forth to drite,
 She farts just like a gun.

Weary, &c.

Muckle douped is the jade,
 And racked to the spald,
 Sic a dirty drab as this
 Would drive a body mad.

Weary, &c.

ACROSTIC.

G
 E ng
 O ur
 R ich
 G ree
 E asy

B eh
 O f fa
 Y ea,
 A ll,
 C ont
 K eep

A C R O S T I C

By *P. Robertson.*

GOOD Humour paints his cheeks, the friendly
smile

Engages, at first sight, all hearts, and while
Our glasses warm inspiring mirth and fire,
Rich sallies of his wit prompt our desire,
Greedy to hear from him yet more and more,
Easy, tho' late, we think not on the score.

Behold him on the stage, the hum'rous man
Of sadness robs us, do whate'er we can;
Yea, tho' in pain with gravel or the stone,
All, all's forgot!—till—*Exit*—he is gone—
Continuing your's, my friend, these I present,
Keepe the first letters,—**D**—n the lines I've sent.

D 2**THE**

T H E T A I L S.

Tune, *Derry Down, &c.*

By *George Boyack.*

ON various subjects the Muses have sung,
Some fam'd for long noses, black eyes, and
smooth tongue;
Some in praise of fine shapes have strove to prevail,
But few e'er attempted to sing of a Tail.
Derry Down, &c.

Then Tails be the subject of this our new song;
As one loves a short Tail, and others a long.
The whores, who at short ones continually rail,
Like a squirrel they cover their backs with their
Tail.
Derry Down, &c.

The priggish young counsel, who wears a tye-wig,
Underneath it lies dormant the Tail of a pig:
At the bar for his clients you'd think he did rail,
While he snaps up the bullock, leaves them but the
Tail.
Derry Down, &c.

The sage politicians, who make such a rout
About those that are in and those that are out,
Against short heads and long heads alternately rail,
But the wife's the best judge of the length of his
Tail.
Derry Down, &c.

An Englishman's Tail, it is club'd, short and strong,
 The Tail of an Irishman's deem'd very long :
 The French and the Swiss you may know by their
 Tails ;

A Scot lov'd the Goat's Tail, the emblem of Wales.
Derry Down, &c.

The fly Fox's tail, once the mode of this nation,
 Has plainly appear'd at the late coronation,
 Where the Fox's brush-tail was accounted the thing,
 For the Tail of a Fox is a Tail for a king.
Derry Down, &c.

Enormous siz'd Tails of late do prevail,
 Resembling a wheat-sheaf as much as a Tail :
 By the size of the Tail t'other sex chuse their cronies,
 And stroke down the Tails of their dear Maccaronies.
Derry Down, &c.

A Tail to a barber is quite a-propos,
 Because he can make his own Tails, we do know ;
 He'll make you a pig's-tail, a club, or a fox ;
 And the bucks without tails strut in Tyburn locks.
Derry Down, &c.

A Tail to a taylor denotes him a Dung,
 Because they all wear 'em, both aged and young :
 Step to Racket's or Vine-street, and there you will
 find
 A wretched old goat with his tail club'd behind.
Derry Down, &c.

My brave jolly Flints, be advis'd by my song,
 And ne'er wear a Tail that resembles a dung ;
 Remember

Remember the nine that did suffer in jail,
Not one of them all, by my soul, wore a Tail.

Derry Down, &c.

And now to conclude this my song about Tails,
Come, drink a good health to Old England and
Wales,

To Scotland, America, Dublin, Kinsale,
And to all honest men from the head to the Tail.

Derry Down, &c.

G R O G. A NEW SONG.

By —.

YE jolly True-blues of the main,
Well skilled in heaving the log,
Attend to a sailor's rough strain,
Who sings of his favourite Grog.

C H O R U S.

*Grog is the liquor of life,
The delight of each bold British tar :
'Twill banish all sorrow and strife,
And soften the hardships of war.*

Monfieur of his vineyards may boast,
Or delight in a fricasseed frog ;
But soon he will find to his cost,
That claret must yield to good Grog.

Grog is the liquor, &c.

I've

I've heard an Hibernian oft swear
 By St. Patrick, (tho' born in a bog)
 As long's he could see with one ear,
 No Wine he would drink except Grog.
Grog is the liquor, &c.

No danger our hearts can dismay,
 No terror we feel from a flog;
 For what is a dozen a day,
 To a double allowance of Grog?
Grog is the liquor, &c.

Each Saturday night that revolves,
 My Messmate he tips me a jog;
 To the wife, or the sweetheart he loves,
 Then tips off his can of good Grog.
Grog is the liquor, &c.

L A M B's G H O S T.

Tune, *Derry Down, &c.*

By *George Boyack.*

THE ghost of a taylor of late did descend
 To Pluto's dark regions, where night ne'er
 does end:
 Old Beelzebub hail'd him, cry'd, Welcome to hell,
 My dear loving friend, pray what news from Pall-
 Mall?

Derry Down, &c.

Great news, cries this Wolf in the skin of Lamb,
From the Five-bells committee post hither I came,
To tell you with hearts full of joy as their tongues,
That the Flints are defeated almost by the Dungs.

Derry Down, &c.

Flints! cry'd the Dev'l in a kind of amaze,
Those are mortals I never yet saw in my days:
Then examin'd his register from end to end,
But the devil a Flint in it all could he find.

Derry Down, &c.

Then turning about, to the courier he said,
Those Flints, I presume, are that part of your trade,
Who never will cringe to their tyrants of masters;
But, courage! my friend, for all sores I've got
plaisters.

Derry Down, &c.

The spirit of discord must be sown among 'em,
And this must be done by some to them belonging;
There's Brary, Crank, Halliday, Chapel, and Blood,
Are spirits I've nourish'd and kept since the flood.

Derry Down, &c.

Well knowing their talents, I sent 'em from hence,
And thou art no stranger to what they've done since,
Those, join'd by an imp in the shape of a Bear,
Will suit your Dung masterships just to a hair.

Derry Down, &c.

This *Bear* he will threaten, the *Cock* he shall crow,
The *Magpye* shall chatter, the *Trumpet* shall blow;
If all this won't fetch 'em, 'tis needless to mind 'em;
They're certainly poor, else in hell we should find
'em.

Derry Down, &c.

Things

Things being thus settled, how goes all above,
Pray how does Leech, Riccard, Fell, Ellmore and
Dove?

They're all at your service, and likewise the Thorn-
thwaites

Give their duty to you, and their love to the Corn-
thwaites.

Derry Down, &c.

Yes, they both are here, I'll assure you, my friend,
With Derby and others, who will you attend;
They're all of a kidney, which prevents all dispute,
No wrangling is here about Pitt, Wilkes, or Bute.

Derry Down, &c.

Such politic quarrels we leave to dull mortals;
With the states of we spirits those jars would but
fort ill.

Nay, nay, do not stare so, the cause I'll decide,
Your opposite party in heaven reside.

Derry Down, &c.

A N E W S O N G.

By ———.

YE bold sons of Britain, both active and brave,
Who dare the loud tempest, and stand the
rough wave;
Who dare, &c.

Ours, ours is the bottom on which to rely,
And ours the firm hearts that will conquer or die.
Ours, &c.

It's

'Tis our Country that calls us, her voice we'll obey;
When Britain does call, shall a sailor say nay?

When Britain, &c.

No! Britain shall find us both body and soul,
As true to our cause as the steel to the Pole.

As true, &c.

With the foes of Old England our monarch may
cope,

While a sword we can brandish, or handle a rope:

While a sword, &c.

Huzza! gallant hearts; let the Boufflers behold
Such Englishmen now as they fled from of old.

Such Englishmen, &c.

Let the landmen delight in deceit and grimace,
Attempt at your throat, while they smile in your
face;

Attempt, &c.

We, like honest Ned Hawke, or like gallant Argyle,
Frown where we hate, as we love where we smile.

Frown, &c.

Dare the coxcomb in heart, dare that capering slave,
Despise us bold fellows whom Freedom makes brave,
Despise us, &c.

For ours is the bottom on which to rely,
And ours the firm hearts that will conquer or die.

And ours, &c.

THE TAYLOR AND SEMPSTRESS:

With ADDITIONS by *George Boyack.*

Tune, Derry Down.

A Taylor there was, who liv'd in a garret,
Who ne'er in his life tasted Champaign or
Claret ;
With high soups or ragouts he never was fed ;
But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry Down, &c.

Contented he work'd, without any repining,
When blest with a pint of three-threads for his
lining ;
But Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a Sempstres's bodkin, destroy'd his quietus.

Derry Down, &c.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure ;
His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure ;
His bills he contrives not with *items* to swell ;
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them to
hell.

Derry Down, &c.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had made ;
He

He bid him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
And never give out till he'd finish'd his suit.

Derry Down, &c.

This Sempstress he visits with aukward address ;
Protests, on her kindness hung his happiness :
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and whee-
dle,

For she, lack-a-day ! was as sharp as a needle.

Derry Down, &c.

He attempted to court her ; but she, with great scorn,
Replied, he was washing, or soft was his horn :
With such-like expressions she baffled his care,
Yet Love, that intruder, bespoke still his spare.

Derry Down, &c.

He swore, upon hon'able terms he was come,
And beg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom,
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The Fate's *Scissars* would soon cut his Remnant of
life.

Derry Down, &c.

Do yo think, says the Sempstress, I'd have for my
spouse

One whom noone esteems—not three skips of a louse,
Advance in your favour whatever you can,
A Taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

Derry Down, &c.

Here he interrupted, and said, You're not pinch'd,
A Taylor in battle sure yet never flinch'd ;
At Minden, you know, how the Gazette did tell it,
That Taylors wrought wonders, commanded by
Elliot.

Derry Down, &c.

The

When the parson has tack'd us together, he cried,
 For your palate when dainty I'll nicely provide ;
 Tho' to capons or turkies I cannot aspire,
 You may always be sure of a goose at the fire.

Derry Down, &c.

As she work'd, he commended her fingers so nimble,
 And swore that her eyes were more bright than his
 thimble :

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
 I know not how 'twas but he cabbag'd her heart.

Derry Down, &c.

Then away hand in hand to the chapel they went,
 Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent ;
 None but death could the conjugal knot have un-
 tied,

For cross-legg'd together they stitch'd till they died.

Derry Down, &c.

A N E W S O N G.

By — —.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley :
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And thro' the streets does cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely :
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The Saturday and Monday ;
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And slink away with Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O ! then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my honey :
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally ;
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O ! then I'll marry Sally ;
 O ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

A N E W S O N G.

By — — —,

MAIDEN fresh as a rose,
 Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
 Take no spouse among beaux,
 Fond of their raking quality;
 He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his pericrane,
 And with nose full of snuff,
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein :

Who, to dames of high place,
 Does prattle like any parrot too ;
 Yet with doxies a brace
 At night pigs in a garret too ;
 Patrimony out-run,
 'To make a fine show to carry thee :
 Plainly, friend, thou'rt undone,
 If such a creature marry thee.

Then, for fear of a bribe,
 Of flattering noise and vanity,
 Yoke a lad of our tribe,
 He'll shew the best humanity :
 Flashy thou wilt find love,
 In civil as well as secular ;
 But when spirit doth move,
 We have a gift particular,

Tho'

Tho' our graveness is pride,
 That boobies the more may venerate,
 He that gets a good bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate :
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee ;
 Then, to be happy and wise,
 Take Yea and Nay to marry thee.

A N E W S O N G.

By — —.

Amongst the willows on the grafs,
 Where nymphs and shepherds lie,
 Young Willy courted bonny Bess,
 And Nell stood list'ning by ;
 Says Will, we will not tarry
 Two months before we marry.
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
 For a maid I'll live and die :
Says Nell, so shall not I,
Says Nell, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and despair,
 And kisses mixt between,
 He with a song did charm her ear,
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;

Says

Says Will, I want a blessing
Substantialler than kissing.

No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
For I will never change my mind :
Says Nell, She'll prove more kind,
Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,

Altho' by Nature taught,
When she first to man inclines :

Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.
Oh ! who wou'd lose a treasure,
For such a puney pleasure !
Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
And to my vow be true.

Quoth Nell, the more fool you,
Quoth Nell, &c.

To my closet I'll repair,

And read on godly books,
Forget vain love, and worldly care,

Quoth Nell, that likely looks !

You men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious,

Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all,
Your sex I now despise.

Says Nell, by Jove she lyes,
Says Nell, &c.

A . N E W S O N G ,

By ———.

PHILLIS the fairest of Love's foes,
Tho' fiercer than a dragon;
Phillis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
What has she now to brag on?
What has she, &c.
So long she kept her limbs so close,
Till they have scarce a rag on.

Compell'd thro' want, the wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin,
Which surly Strephon, hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both, &c.
To pity such a lazy Jade,
Would neither kiss nor spin.

A N E W S O N G.

By —.

O Lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come;
Where wives loud clappers never found,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in Wine my pain,
And never think of home again.
What comfort can a husband have
To rule the house where he's a slave?



F I N I S.

